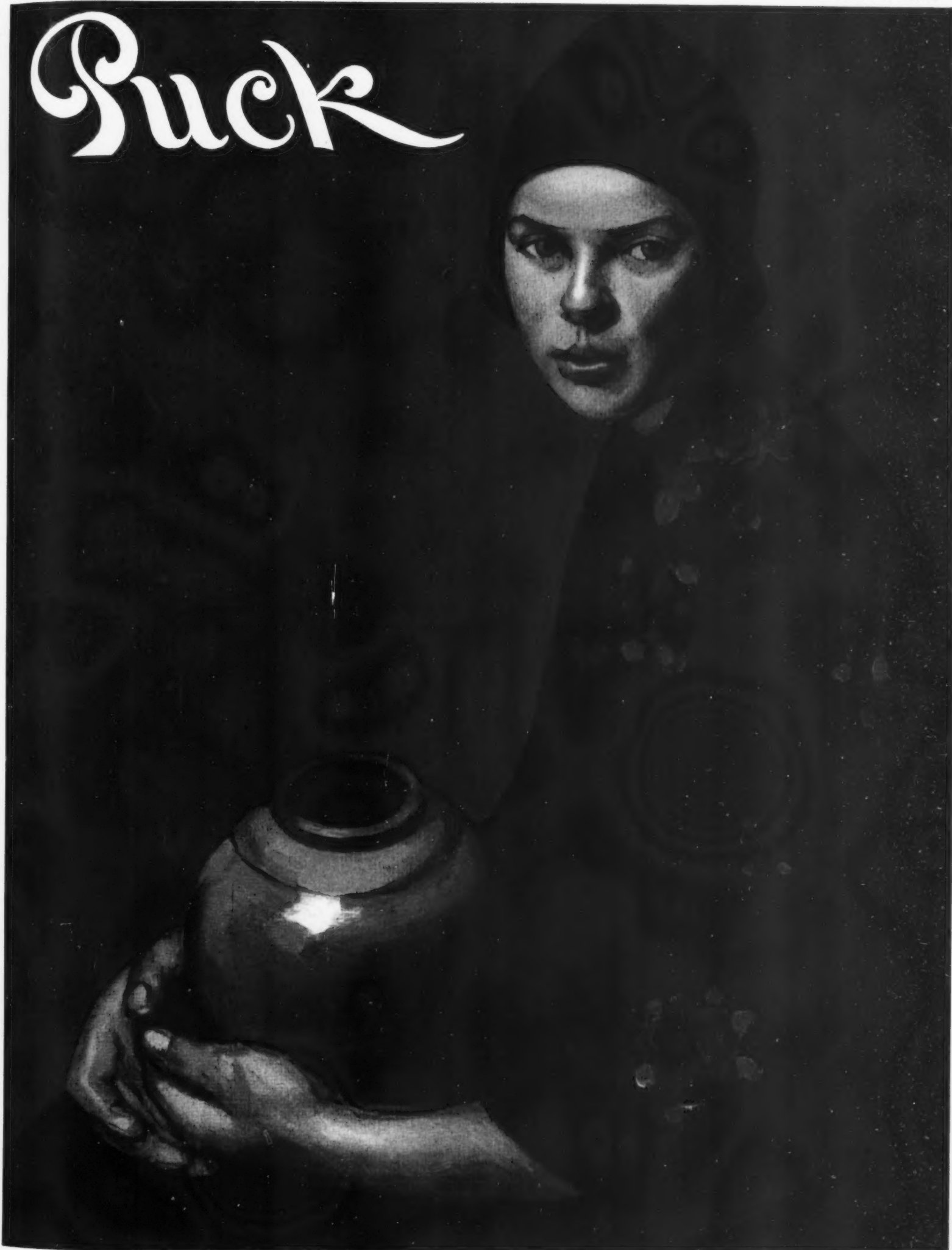


WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 28, 1914

PRICE TEN CENTS

Suck



A DUTCH TREAT

PAINTED BY RUTH MURCHISON
IN HOLLAND



The LATEST WHITE

A CREATION NOTABLE FOR COMPLETE
ARTISTIC AND MECHANICAL EXCELLENCE

A gentleman is not remembered because of his hat, his waistcoat, or the cut of his clothes—he is accepted and respected for himself.

The properly appointed home is remembered and admired because of its complete perfection, not because of one room or one chair.

To White mechanical excellence has been given the dignified gracefulness of an exterior in which many beautiful features are blended into an impressive completeness.

No one feature stands out above others in The White. The eye goes naturally from one to the other, but the mind receives and retains, first and last, the impression of a complete car.

For example, one will hardly notice that the conventional back of the front seat has been eliminated—absorbed by the finally perfect stream-line in the double cowl effect.

White leadership is a principle

The important and fundamental improvements in automobile construction and operation—the features that are exploited most widely today—have been basic principles in White Motor Cars for years.

In 1909 the White presented the first monobloc, long stroke, high speed motor—the very type which is today's sensation. In 1910 The White brought out the logical left-side drive with center control.

In 1911 The White instituted electrical starting and lighting, with the tremendous advantage of the non-stallable engine.

From time to time other important improvements have been brought out in White Cars. The White is replete with dominating ideas in mechanical construction and in the attributes of comfort and beauty.

The White is completely equipped, including mono-top, rain-vision ventilated windshield, speedometer, electric signal, trunk rack, Silvertown Cord Tires.

The White Cars are now exhibited by White dealers.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars,
Motor Trucks and Taxicabs.



IN response to many requests from readers who desire Mr. Ewer's work in more permanent form, we have produced a limited edition of his "Made in Mott Street," in this week's *Puck*, on special Japan paper in full color. Each print is autographed by Mr. Ewer and is sent carefully protected and ready for framing, all charges prepaid, on receipt of \$1.25. These exceptionally interesting studies of picturesque bits of New York have aroused widespread discussion and *Puck* promises some notable additions to the series at no distant date. Send your order for "Made in Mott Street," on Japan paper, to the business department. If any print appearing in *Puck* appeals to you, write to us for prices on the original drawing or on good proofs on plate paper, ready for framing. Originals are for sale at comparatively low prices. Old readers of *Puck* tell us that no phase of the paper's renaissance is more noticeable than the range of technique characteristic of its artistic contributions. In days gone by, *Puck* considered that it had scored a distinct record when it printed in a single issue the work of ten different artists. Frequently, in the new *Puck*, you will find a score of illustrators of three or four nationalities among the contributors to each issue.



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OUR page of foreign cartoons on the war in this issue gives interesting expression to the temper of the nations now engaged in conflict. In this connection, it may be pertinent to note that the cartoons that have appeared in *Puck* have been more generally reproduced and commented upon abroad than those of any other American periodical. The war has seriously interfered with the regularity of the leading Continental humorous papers. Our French contemporaries have practically ceased publication, and only the English weeklies appear with any degree of regularity. This condition has aroused a keen interest in *Puck*, which is eagerly sought for on the other side because of its excellent

illustrated features. In fact, with their source of outlet paralyzed, many French and German illustrators new to our readers are turning their attention exclusively to this country—which means, in their eyes, *Puck*.

PUCK started a campaign two weeks ago looking toward a more efficient utilization of the physical effort expended upon athletics in our schools and universities, through the institution of military exercise and drill under the auspices of the United States Government. Not only was *Puck*'s suggestion immediately taken up by college presidents throughout the country, but it has aroused widespread editorial comment, and we now learn that a movement is in progress, with

the unofficial sanction of Federal authorities, looking toward the formation of the "Young Guard." We understand that this movement is being directed by ex-President Roosevelt, ex-Mayor Arldolph Kline, of New York, and other public spirited leaders interested in the national system of defense. Major General Leonard Wood has expressed a warm interest in the plan to have an efficient body of young Americans within call. Among the college officials who have already commended *Puck*'s stand are Dr. Richard C. MacLaurin, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; President Harry P. Judson, University of Chicago; Dr. D. C. Barrow, University of Georgia; Dr. E. J. James, University of Illinois; Dean Frank Smalley, Syracuse University, and President Hadley, of Yale.

ENTRIES thus far in *Puck*'s \$250.00 Prize Contest for the best cover submitted between now and January 1, indicate an unusual degree of interest among the foremost illustrators in the country. In judging these entries, the idea will count fifty points, the attention-value of the color-scheme twenty-five points, and the general technical execution twenty-five points. *Puck* will use all possible care and dispatch in handling paintings entered in this contest, and unsuccessful entries will be returned immediately, by mail or express, upon the selection of a prize winner if carriage charges are provided. Study *Puck* covers and submit your idea of what a good cover ought to be. It may mean a New Year's present of \$250.00. Mark your painting "Prize Contest," and get it into the Editor's hands at the earliest possible moment in order that it may have careful attention.

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A Brief Summary of Next Week's Puck

Another Goldbeck Cover

Walter Dean Goldbeck has done a cover for next week's *Puck* that constitutes a smart addition to our series by this popular artist. It is an exceptionally handsome piece of color, well worth framing.

"The Slave Market"

In this subject, *Puck* enters a new and interesting field of reproduction. "The Slave Market" is an oil painting by F. Fabbi, masterly in execution and of unusual appeal to the artistic sense.

Raymond C. Ewer

This is the second of a series of seasonable reviews drawn for *Puck*, in which Mr. Ewer has revealed a delicacy of line in his drawings that is almost lace-like.

Hy Mayer

PUCK'S clever caricaturist occupies next week's double-page in color with a screamingly funny "Unsuppressed Interview with the Kaiser," in which his active imagination has unbridled play.

George Jean Nathan

Always witty, clever, entertaining, next week's "Puppet Shop" is surprisingly rich in humor. This department in *Puck* is the magazine feature most widely discussed along the "Great White Way."

James Huneker

In "The Seven Arts," Mr. Huneker takes us arm in arm through the galleries that are showing the season's notable paintings, discoursing at the same time on art and the men who make it possible.

Terms Puck is mailed to subscribers at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$5.50 per year, \$2.75 for six months; Foreign, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months. All communications should be addressed to the Puck Publishing Corporation. Puck will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. MSS. sent in by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned. Puck's contents are fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission. Puck is on sale in Europe at the various branches of the International News Co., and the Atlas Publishing and Distributing Co.; Brentano's, Paris; Wm. Dawson & Sons and W. H. Smith & Sons, London; Hachette et Cie, Paris and Basle; Lausanne and Geneva, Switzerland.



GRINIGRAMS

A duck-hunting aviator has been fined. Why should it be all right and proper to kill men from an airship and all wrong to kill ducks?

The Kaiser is said to be "thoroughly dissatisfied" with the results of the "recent campaign." Another point of resemblance between the Kaiser and T. Roosevelt.

"When I go to Congress I will try to have a law passed under which no workman will be allowed to marry a working girl unless she has a union card."
—Meyer London, Socialist.

And, of course, no offspring will be accepted that are not birth-marked with the union label.

The proprietor of a theatre ticket agency has been arrested for the misappropriation of half a million dollars. In these times ticket scalpers are on the lookout for any piece of small change that may be loose.

Villa has no desire to be president of Mexico, but he *would* like to be a national chief of police. "A wise guy," quoth the Hon. Wm. S. Devery.

Some newspaper editors are much more generous than others. For example, the same war photograph which one paper described as "French woman selling food to Indian and British soldiers," another paper captioned "French woman giving away grapes to troops of the allied forces."

When Russian soldiers capture a German officer with Kaiserlike lip adornment, they trot him to headquarters, hopefully asking: "Is this he?" If the Kaiser would perform a masterstroke of strategy, he will shave.

A middle-westerner, before he died, willed that two of his favorite cigars should be buried with him, wrapped in tinfoil. One for himself and doubtless one for St. Peter.

Mounts Aetna and Vesuvius are alarming their neighbors with signs of renewed activity. With all of civilized Europe in eruption, why should unreasoning volcanoes be expected to remain neutral?

William H. Hotchkiss, ex-state chairman of the Bull Moose party, says that Roosevelt "had to be driven into the campaign of 1912." What? Had to be driven into a "battle for the Lord?"

A careful canvass of Pennsylvania in industrial centers shows a restoration of confidence since the election.
—News wire.

With Penrose secure in the Senate, no mere war can hurt business. The country is safe.

German influence reigns in Turkey, says a despatch. The latest portraits of Mohammed show him with an upturned military mustache.



HAMLET TAFT

"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is; my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning!"

Alas for the good old war play in which the approach of the dust-covered orderly was heralded by the clatter of hoof-beats. No more, no more. The modern orderly rides a motorcycle. Instead of gal-lallop, gal-lallop, gal-lallop, we shall have pop-op-op-op-op!

To make St. Louis a quiet city a bill in the Legislature provides that newsboys be forbidden to sell papers on the streets, slot machines for disposing of newspapers being advocated.—*News from the West.*

Wrong, because it limits the opportunities of American youth. How can any slot-machine rise to be President of these United States?

"U. S. on Verge of Prosperity," pens a head-writer. The gentleman belongs in the class with those who are "afraid we are going to have good times."

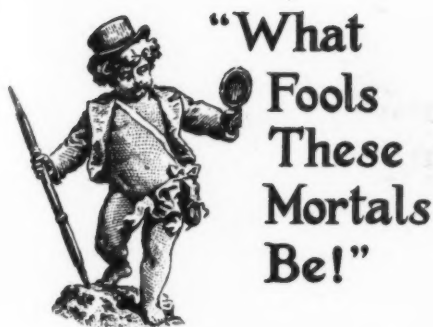
"Westward," quoth Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, "the course of Empire takes its way." The course of horse sense, judging by the States which have adopted Woman Suffrage, takes its way gradually Eastward.

Professor Taft is so pleased with the Bull Moose election showing that he is losing weight.

"Remember that this is a business country, and you are business managers of a very great concern," wrote Mr. Brisbane in Mr. Hearst's *Evening Journal*. He was addressing the Members of Congress, to many of whom the idea must have been new. Congressmen are apt to think the United States a prosperous "failure," and themselves the lucky "receivers."

Football is much more severe in its penalties than war. In football, either the Allies or the Germans would have lost the ball on downs long ago.

The United Brotherhood of Carpenters puts over a bland proposal for a "six-hour working day." It is easy of attainment. Simply revise the Scriptures, and make a certain Commandment read "Six hours shalt thou labor and do all thy work." If Sam Gompers had been alive in Moses' time, things might have been fixed right in the first place.



VOL. LXXVI. No. 1969. WEEK ENDING NOV. 28, 1914

Established, 1877. Ruck is the oldest humorous publication in America—and the newest

**JOBS WANTED;
MEN WANTED;
GET TOGETHER.** The College Reserve Army idea as outlined in the last two issues of Ruck has caused an immense amount of discussion. As an adjunct to the idea, a friend of Ruck—a policeman on an important City beat in fact—suggests the following:

There is lack of employment in our cities to-day. The stagnation of certain industries has put on the streets a large number of untrained boys and men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. This enforced idleness will doubtless continue throughout the winter, and the resulting suffering will be worse in cold weather. With the interest taken at present in the European situation, it will be easy to appeal to men and boys now out of work, temporarily to enlist in the United States Army. Such enlistment would not only solve the problem of unemployment, but would greatly strengthen our National Reserve at a time when much thought is rightly given to ways and means for strengthening it. A single solution is offered for two important problems—the problem of unemployment, and the problem of military defense.

If the term of three years, now the minimum for which our government will accept enlistment, stands in the way because of the difficulty of getting men to enlist for so long a period, the term should be shortened. One year would seem to be long enough as the minimum enlistment period for these emergency recruits.

By prompt action of Congress, temporary unemployment can be changed from an economic curse into a national benefit. Instead of idleness, poverty and haphazard methods of relief by charitably inclined persons bound to pauperize many of those whom they wish to help, the plan here outlined would provide additional, helpful, and, above all, useful work for the temporarily unemployed—would change the "out-of-work" into a National Reserve for Uncle Sam.

Chairman Hilles of the Republican National Committee sees victory ahead in 1916. Using the election returns to clarify his vision, he can see nothing else. The people hold "no hope of definite improvement until the country shall return to the policy of Taft."

We presume that the head of the Republican National Committee is blessed with a fair average memory. If, however, he be shy in this respect, we would recall to his mind the comments of the Stand-pat Press when William H. Taft, then President of the United States, and his Attorney-General, one Wickersham, were struggling with interpretations of the Sherman



Anti-Trust Law. How they did "disturb confidence"! It amounted at the time to a national scandal. Old "legitimate business" was threatened with paralysis—and by Taft.

This is mentioned merely to suggest that Taft and domestic peace are not synonymous; and that the same super-conservatives who now shake doleful heads at the mention of Wilson's name, some years ago jumped with thuds upon "My dear Will." Mr. Hilles may possibly recollect—if he doesn't, others are better posted—that the same element in the Republican Party which now sees rosy victory and vindication for the Taft policies in 1916, saw only gloom and disaster in those policies as recently as 1911.

Now that "Uncle Joe" Cannon and a number of other Standpatriots are back in Congress, the Record will ring with rejuvenated references to the "American standard of living," labor's precious heritage (under Republican administrations). Forewarned is forearmed. Lest anybody be hazy as to the Republican significance of this same "American standard of living," we give vent to one whisper: "Lawrence, Massachusetts." This city for years had been the center of a highly protected industry, a veritable citadel of protection, and therefore of the "American standard of living." An official investigation established the fact that the average weekly wage of a "protected" male in Lawrence was all of eight dollars.



"THIS IS THE LIFE"

UNCLE SAM: While the boys are busy scrapping, I'll just do a little love-making.

FUMIGATING THE LANGUAGE

Now that Germany is swiftly kicking out all alien words and phrases from the Teutonic dictionary, and Russia is changing over from St. Petersburg to Petrograd and from Lemberg to Lvov, and France is voting to call Eau de Cologne Eau de Louvain, it is about time the guardians of the English language took account of stock. If this philological house-cleaning is going to mean anything at all we ought to go about it with a vacuum weapon. There are a lot of words, wholly undigested, hanging around in our midst. They are not English, and steadfastly refuse to take out naturalization papers. Away with them!

What about "delicatessen"? Why should we be burdened with that peculiar, affronting term any longer? What is there delicate about a delicatessen? Call it cold-meatery, and let it go at that. "Rathskeller"? A rathskeller is nothing but a hash-house in the basement, anyway. An underground lunchroom, nothing more. Make it so. "Frankfort" is an offensive word, too. Already there has been a spontaneous tendency to Anglicize it into the shorter and simpler word "Dog." And if you point out that the capital of Kentucky is named Frankfort, why then we reply that it would be simple and beautiful to change it to Dog City or Dogtown, without delay. "Dachshund" would, of course, become "sausage-dog," which, as everybody must see, is much more descriptive than the German word.



TOO MUCH COMPETITION

"Cursa da war! Putta da ruin bizness on da bum!"



THE SIDE SHOW

It is part of the theater as well as of the circus

If we are not mistaken the word "boob" derives directly from the German. Would it not be more patriotic, and fully as satisfying, to call your beloved neighbor a "mutt" or a "simp"? The chances are he would start to fight just as quickly, and you would always have the satisfaction that you glorified the native language.

What to do with the word "pretzel" is a little puzzling, offhand. The pretzel is not a doughnut, nor is it a cracker. It is the peculiar product of a people who consistently defy their digestive organs. Perhaps it would be just as well not to rename the pretzel at all—simply to abolish it.

A POPULAR MOVEMENT

TELESCOPE OPERATOR: Have a look at the moon, only ten cents.

PASSING PEDESTRIAN: Not this evening; I'm for seeing America first.

TOP AND BOTTOM

AUNT AMANDA: Little girls should be seen and not heard.

WINNIE WISE: But some of the new fashions carry the idea to extremes.

FALLING MARKET

"Then your daughter isn't going to buy a duke?"

"Not just yet. I advised her to hold off awhile and for the same money we might get a king."

SPORTING SPIRIT

KIND OLD LADY: Have a cookie, little boy?

FRESH YOUNGSTER: Sure thing! I'm willing to try anything once.

THE ONLY WAY

"So you are saving money?"

"My, yes! I'm buying less that I can't afford than ever before."

A raised pot always boils.

HOW TO HOLD THEM

In speaking, do not be abstruse; say two and two make four. But cut your lungs like bellows loose and say it with a roar. We know that two and two make four, as do the most of men; the statesman says it with a roar and it seems truer then.

In speaking, always talk up loud; say black is never white; and then the captious in the crowd will own that you are right. We know that white is never black, yet man is but a worm; and if you bellow like a yak, you'll keep the weaklings firm.

THE REMEMBERED LURE

WHITE: What made Jim Wallstreet rush abroad to fight in the war?

KNIGHT: Somebody told him machine guns in action sounded like a gigantic stock-ticker.

What chance is there for reform when drinkers now have the excuse of a patriotic desire to increase Government revenues?



SOME JOB

MRS. UPHAM: There goes that snobbish Mrs. Tubby. Let's pretend we don't see her.



Find the man who is just beginning to realize that
his wife is still rather attractive

UP AGAINST IT

POLLY: Molly seems to realize very fully the seriousness of getting married.

DOLLY: Yes, the poor girl is just worried to death. There are sixteen girls who want to be her bridesmaids, and she can't decide which eight she can best afford to make enemies of.

FIXING UP THE OFFICE

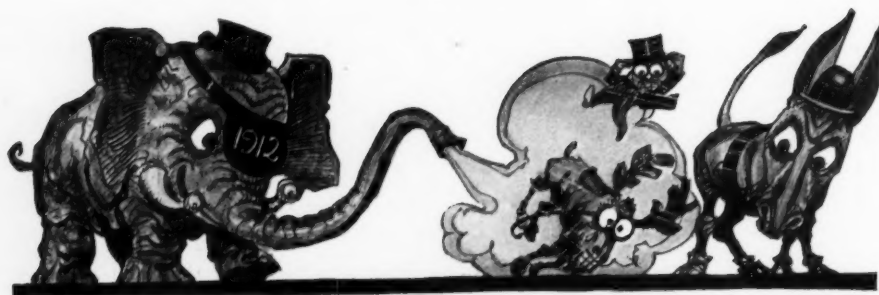
"Why did Ferdy drop out of business with his father?"

"Well, the old man said he could stand for college flags and posters, but he positively would not have any sofa pillows around the office."

FATHER'S KIND

MOTHER: What kind of a show did papa take you to see while you were in the city?

BOBBIE: It was a dandy show, mama, with ladies dressed in stockings clear up to their necks.



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

'Tis said the Kaiser missed a bomb
By twenty minutes only;
The ladies of the suffrage cause
Are feeling somewhat lonely.
Sir Woodrow's Congress, so we hear,
Is safely Democratic;
Four States dispersed
The Demon Thirst,
And Tammany is static.



The Bull Moose Party, sad to state,
Is steadily declining;
We note that every business cloud
Contains a cotton lining.
The Tzar made love to Jaroslav*
And then embraced Wirballen*;
Chas. Whitman's light
Is burning bright,
And Tsing-Tao has fallen.

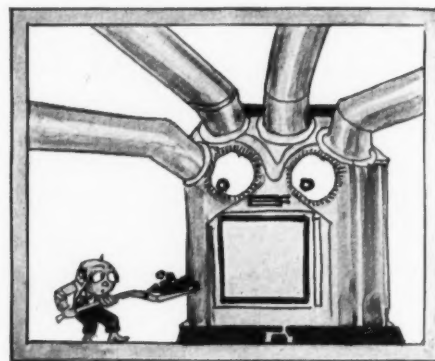
* Sounds plausible; but gosh, we dunno where they are!

Panc. Villa kicked Carranza's dog
To liven up a dry press;
Great Britain ordered Turkey fried
And grabbed the Isle of Cyprus.
Missouri killed the railroad bill
By solemn referendum;
The schisms grow
In Mexico,
And nothing seems to mena 'em.

M. London thinks that union brides
Will be the rule henceforward;
The Colonel said our gentle land
Should turn its optics warward.
The Germans planned another drive
To reach the Belgian ocean;
The Fashion Meet
Was quite elite,
And Greece is in commotion.

The first book of the well-known war
Was penned by Mr. Simonds;
Small steaks are being set in gold
And worn instead of diamonds.
The capital of Turkeyburg
Is Tzargrad to the Russians;
Sir Daniels leans
To submarines,
And Poland's purged of Prussians.

The Turks declared a "holy war"—
The thought is tinged with humor;
The Feminists will soon adopt
The gay and festive bloomer.
Chicago has an instrument
To spot the practised liar;
The city blows
Its winter nose,
And coal is fair and higher.



The largest naval fowling piece
That ever bit a dreadnought
Was mobilized for Uncle Sam
Who loaded it and said nought.
Sir Goethals dug a careless hill
From out his late incision;
The G. O. P.
Is on a spree,
And Taft has had a vision.*

* Scene: The White House, 1916. Large, fat man ascending steps. Song, fat man and chorus: "It's only a dream!"





AN IMPERIAL DECREE:
..... AND HEREAFTER "BELGIUM"
SHALL BE SPELLED
WITH A CAPITAL



THUS:

BELGIUM.

Hy-
Mayer

WAR ATROCITIES

By HY MAYER



WHY DOESN'T SOME PRESS-AGENT START IT?

MISS TWINKLETOES: What? French wine? Nix! Beat it back for a champagne that's made in America!

THE FINISH OF CHARLES GEORGE

Charles George has sold his pair of fine work horses and has a new driving horse.

—Item from a rural newspaper.

Or, in other words, you have quit the furrowed land of labor, Charles George, and have hit the giddy speedway of luxury and romance. Others have done the same before you, Mr. George. Not a word to say against it; not a word. Perfect right. Free country—and all that.

There is something deucedly unrefined, no doubt, about a work horse. He has long hair on his ankles instead of on his tail. He steps not with the tripping lightness of a dancer. On the contrary, he puts his feet down with the dull, plodding confidence of one who knows that if he falls, something will break. He is unhand-some from the viewpoint of the sophisticated idle poor who hang around the village post-office. They sneer at his fourteen-hundred pounds of willingness, and call him "cart horse" and other names. The family appeals to papa, and aver that they *shall* not drive to town another year behind *that* thing.

Yes, these are truths. But, Charles George, wait till another spring cometh. Wait till there is a field to be ploughed, or a boulder to be jerked out of its nest. Put your driving horse

to work then, and note how changed are things! The first rock you strike will stand both of you on your heads. The second rock you strike will break the horse's harness and your leg. You will not strike a third rock. You will be all done farming, for good. Then you can swap what remains of the fine driving horse for an equity in a small automobile. Later you can swap the small equity for a large rubber tire. Later you can swap the large tire for a second-

hand auto lamp; and you will need the lamp to find out where you are at.

There are about twenty million Get-Poor-Quick Georges in the United States who can't remember for the life of them just when it was that they struck the top of the toboggan. But it is fair to say that the chutes claimed most of them on the very day when they "sold their pair of fine work horses and bought a new driving horse."

Nothing to say against it, though! No, no! Free country—and all that.

There is another good thing about the movies: An actor can sit in front and watch himself holding the center of the stage.

SLIGHTLY VEXED

A Frenchman took his dog with him on a hunting trip. When he came back he had no birds, also no dog. A friend said:

"Well, did you kill any birds?"

"No."

"Where's your dog?"

"I shot him."

"Was he mad?"

"Well, he wasn't any too damned pleased."



BUYING A PARROT

"But haven't you any with a Caruso record?"

THE NYMPH AND THE NOVICE

One day a heroine of modern fiction strayed from between the covers of a popular magazine that for several months had been scattering risque accounts of her innocent adventures through its advertising pages.



"What a funny world!" she exclaimed, gazing about her in perplexity; "I never dreamed it was anything like this."

Hers was a familiar face, for the retroussé nose, slanting eyes, and red lips had been used as a cover design for the magazine for many, many moons. Undeniably she was fair.

No Abyssinian maid or dancing girl of Samarcand was ever

fairer. Sans crow's-feet and mouth wrinkles, she had looked out, year after year, unmoved upon an ageing world.

But now, somewhat bewildered, she glanced about her in the fading light. At her feet a winding river trailed away. Near by, where it disappeared around a wooded bend, a bonfire blazed and crackled cheerily. Through the red glow and shifting veil of smoke she discerned the figure of a man sitting with his back against the trunk of a tree. A fishpole hung out over the water. He was very still — indeed, he seemed to be asleep.

Timidly she drew near until she stood, quite unobserved, within a few feet of him. As she surveyed him with a critical gaze, her lips parted in amazement, for, strange to relate, he was, indubitably, less than six and a half feet tall. Furthermore, he was a bit stout.

"Merciful heavens!" she exclaimed, thoroughly startled; "what manner of man is this?" For, in truth, he looked neither like a demigod nor a pugilist.

At the sound of her voice, he opened his eyes and caught her frightened glance.

"Don't be afraid," he said, nodding pleasantly; and she noted with a sigh of relief that his English was faultless.

It came to her suddenly that he had neither shrugged his shoulders nor raised a deprecating hand. But somehow she didn't seem to mind. What counted now was the vague yet compelling sympathy she felt for him. This strange creature, so unlike in physical aspect anything she had ever before seen, had touched the common chord between them. He, too, had known a previous existence. She thrilled.

"I understand," was all she said.

Far off a light flickered and a dog, on the other side of the river, barked joyously.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked gently; "surely your maiden aunt will not expect you to return so early."

She noted approvingly the sure touch with which he deprived her of her parents and placed her in the only proper guardianship for a young and beautiful damsel.

Seating herself beside him she studied him furtively. What a peculiar looking creature he was! But more than that, there was something strange in his manner—something that seemed to accentuate the great difference between her world and his. Presently her silvery laughter floated out over the water.

"I knew something was wrong," she cried; "Oh, you funny, funny man—you are not flicking the ash from your cigar!"

Hastily he drew a stogie from his vest pocket. "I will, I will," he assured her eagerly, "just as soon as there is any."

Quaintly serious, she measured him with her



"The life-saver swears that he was wide awake and perfectly sober. He saw in the surf, close inshore, what he supposed to be a school of fish. Turning his lantern that way, he discovered not fish but young women. He caught the words, 'Belgian refugees! Ostend bathing girls!' and then, being a modest life-saver, he ran. What it was he saw, whether by any chance the Atlantic coast had been crossed by

Painted for PUCK
by Karl Link, of Munich

slanting eyes. "Don't you know," she said, "that a gentleman always flicks the ash from his cigar whether he is smoking or not?"

He flushed. "In my college days—"

"You smoked a pipe and knocked the ashes from the bowl," she interrupted. "And were you stroke oar or star halfback?" she inquired, skipping lightly from ashes to athletics.

"Neither," said he, quite humbly.

"What! What were you then?" she asked.

"A mere graduate," he replied; and a vision of the wasted years rose before him.

"A mere graduate?" she echoed, "why, I never heard of such a thing."

"I know it," he answered sadly; "people seldom do."

For a moment he seemed to be back on the campus straining a lung for dear old alma mater, in the presence of the merciless cheerleader. It was a faint, long-drawn cry, far out in the darkness, that roused him.

"Come," said he, hastily; "let us be going."

Silently, hand in hand, they followed a narrow path across a wide field. Suddenly a low frame-

house loomed to the right of them, and through the kitchen window a lamp shone brightly.

"A human habitation?" quoth the maiden.

"Yes—mine," said her companion.

But his voice was drowned in a crescendo of shrill shrieks that issued from the house and filled the night with terror. "What is it—oh, what is it?" wailed the maiden, aghast.

"It's the twins," replied the man with a heartless chuckle; "Mary puts 'em to bed right after supper. I guess they've woke up. Come on in; they're the brightest kids you ever—"

But the maiden was gone. Far up the road a

flash of white shone for an instant as she fled in dismay through the gloom—fled with sickened soul back to the wondrously illustrated pages of the popular magazine; back to the nebulous land of nymphs and demigods; back to her own people.





Grandpa



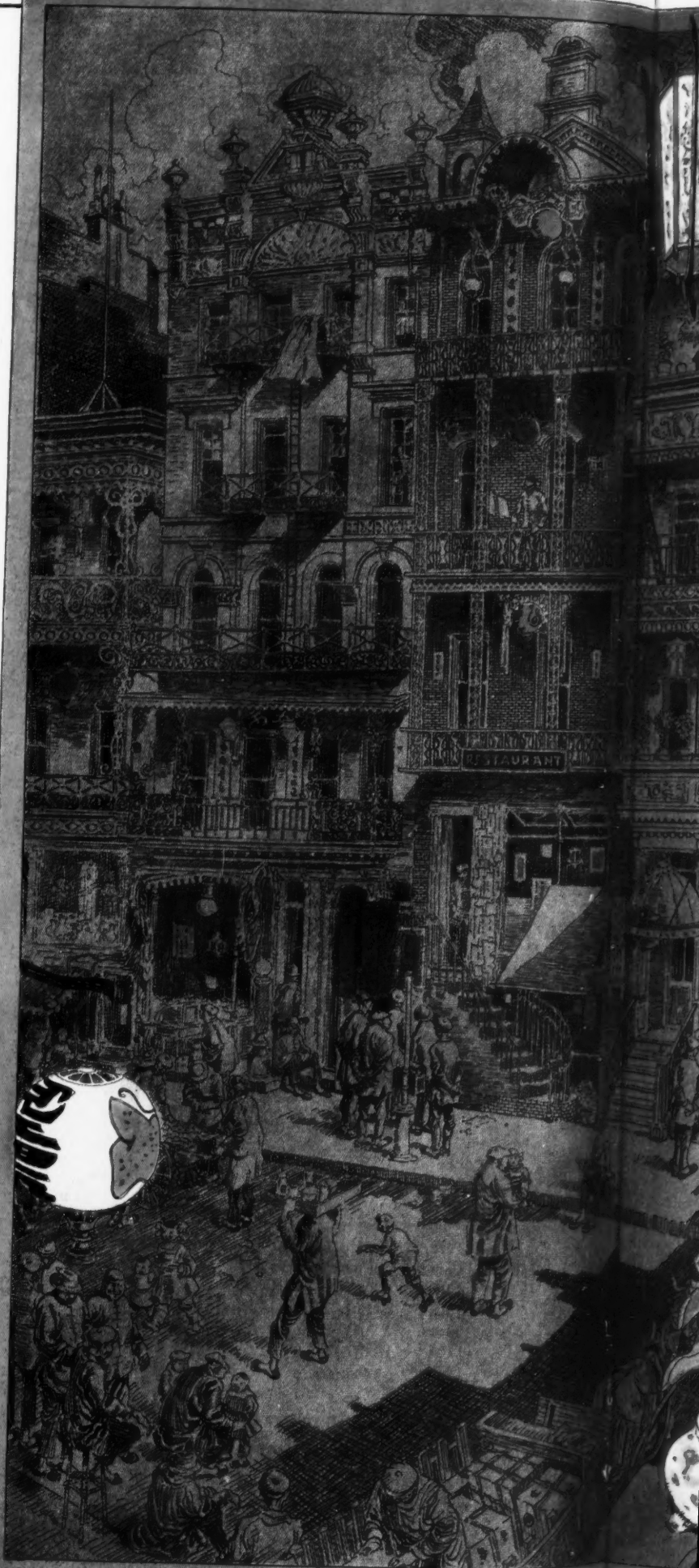
"Ailee same
Mellican boy"



They like sweet
potatoes baked
in a pushcart
oven

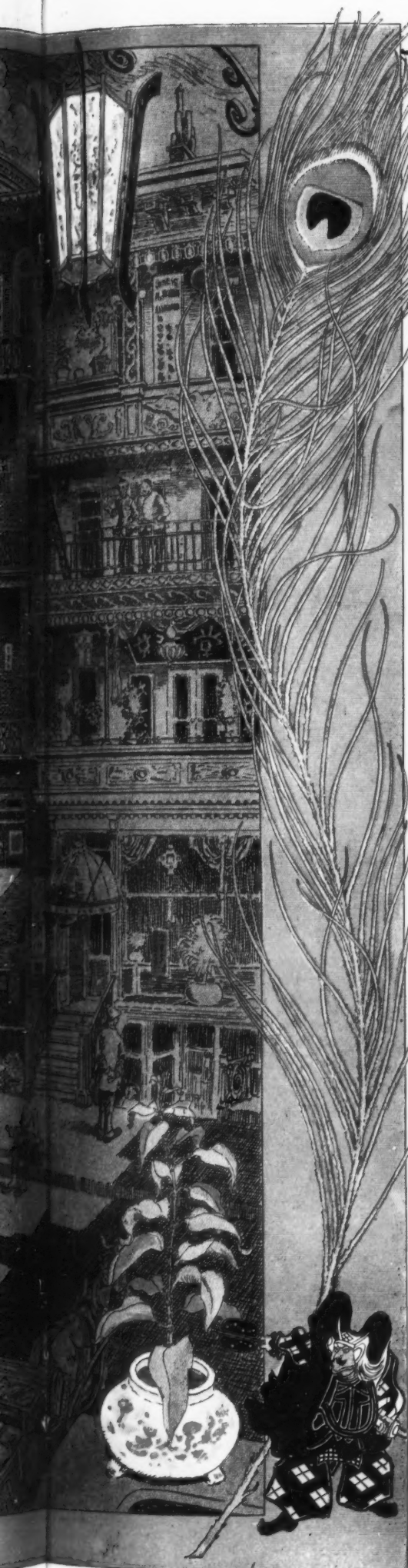


Curb
sitters



Mott Street

MADE IN MOTT
The rest of New York moves, but



IN MOTT STREET
 York moves, but Chinatown stays

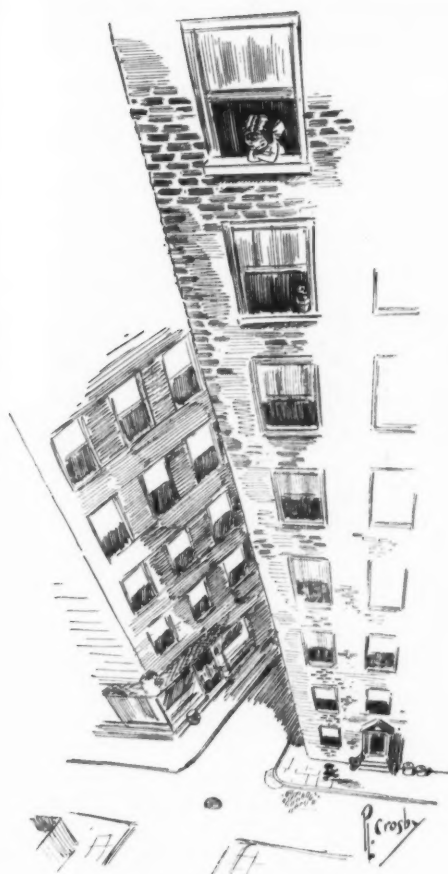
DRAWN FOR PUCK BY
 RAYMOND C. EWER



THE DANCE

As it looks to James Montgomery Flagg, Sculptor

PUCK feels privileged in being the first publication to print an example of Mr. Flagg's newest work, modeled in clay and then colored.



NO GENTLEMAN

MAME: It's a wonder Jimmie wouldn't tip his hat when he passes the window!

WARNING THEM

"I wants to 'dress a few words o' wawnin'," sternly said good old Parson Bagster, in the course of a recent sermon, "to certain ambiguous gamblin' brudders and sev'ral sistahs, whose names I isn't gwine to enumerate at dis time, dat powdahs deir faces twell dey 'magine dey's 'most white, and titters and totters 'long de streets wid wide smiles and narrer skirts twell dey's a sight on earth. Yo' thinks, muh gay an' spo'ty friends, dat yo' kin live togedder in dat 'ar lurid state o' plutonic friendship and git away wid it, uh-kaze Adam and Eve wasn't mar'd. No, Adam and Eve wasn't mar'd, and what happened to 'em? Dey kicked up deir heels for a spell in joyful abomination, and den—what happened to 'em?"

"De angel o' de Lawd come wid a flamin' swo'd and driv' em out'n de gyahden, and cut off deir perquizzets! Dat, muh festered friends, am what happened to 'em! A word to de wise ort to be efficient. De choir will now vociferate."

MODERN DRAMA

PRODUCER: Our star wants to take a bath between the second and third acts. That'll mean a lot of expense for extra maids and a lot of time wasted. We can't stand it.

PLAYWRIGHT: I don't see what business that is of mine.

PRODUCER: Can't, eh? You'll have to re-write the piece and give her a chance to take it in the play, of course.

An optimist is a person who can appreciate the medicinal qualities of a bee-sting.

FAREWELL TO THE TURK

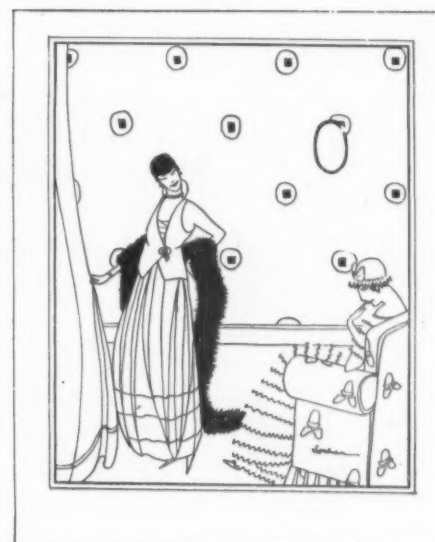
For several hundred years the Turk has occupied the same position in European politics that the Katzenjammer Kids occupy in the Sunday scheme of American domesticity. Gaily, carelessly, whimsically, the Turk has clipped off Grandfather's whiskers; put dynamite under Uncle John's rocking-chair; sprinkled gasoline under Aunt Mary's dwelling; and even brained near relatives with an axe. These antics have been very enjoyable and stimulating, of course, and there is no telling how long this Bosphorus comic-supplement might have gone on, if the Turk hadn't made a big mistake.

The mistake was, in a sense, excusable. Having rejoiced the world by being a most amusing cuss in vaudeville, the Turk got ambitious, and tried to break into the legitimate. Alas! it was like Mutt and Jeff trying to jimmy themselves into the austere pages of the *Century Magazine*. Forgetting that his new part called for dignity and seriousness, the Turk, misled by old slapstick successes, has shaken a sausage in the face of the Hero. And so we must part.

Farewell, Turk! Many happy returns of the day—moving day! On to the land of Somewhere Else! You were a good joke while you were good; and in your lean days always remember that there is a Home even for bad actors. Now that you have your trunks packed, it is for us to think up something good to say of you—some kind words to speed the parting guest. And what shall we say?

Well, in the first place, there is no doubt that the Turk has been lied about shamefully. Even in his matrimonial life, which has been numerous if not, from our standpoint, strictly moral, there has always been some merit. It is better to marry several times than not to have tried the game at all.

And there is no doubt that the Turk has left us something. A nation that has produced



A WOMAN'S REASON

"I like to have Mrs. Giddigad call."
"Is she good company?"
"Not particularly, but she is so short she can't see the dust on top of the book-case."

the Turkish cigarette, the wrestler known as Terrible Turk, the stuffed date, the pistachio nut, and the hootchee-kootchee, cannot be said to have left no mark behind.

REVERSE IRISH

MRS. MALONEY: Thin yez think that all min are deceiving?

MRS. CASEY: Oi do. They are a most contriv lot. Look at my Molke. Before we were married he was always kissin' me on the bean, an' since thin he's been beanin' me on the kisser.

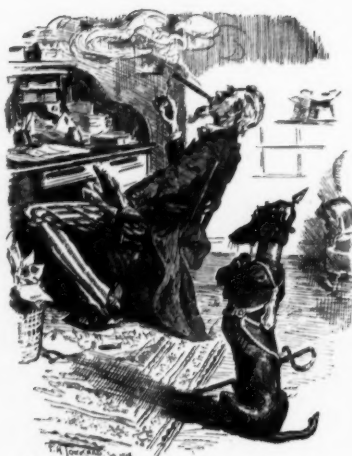


UNMUZZLED!



PIOUS ENGLAND

"Comrades, I find nowhere in my Bible a commandment forbidding the use of Dum-Dum bullets."



NOTHING DOING

IMPERIAL DACHSHD: Here I've been sitting up and doing tricks for the best part of seven weeks, and you take no more notice of me than—
UNCLE SAM: Cut it out!



"DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES"

"For vy noone applauds?"



THE STORY OF THE UHLAN

"Ach! How I make dose English run!"



ON THE FIRING LINES

"Don't let's shoot them all. Let's save a few for the bayonet."



THE COSSACK GENERAL

"Damn this war! Plundering is far easier in time of peace."



IN THE LIARS' DEN

We are informed on excellent authority that the Venus De Milo in Paris is being photographed with a view of convincing neutral powers of the vandalism of the Germans.



ENGLAND'S DISAPPOINTMENT

ENGLISH PEDDLER: Dash it! My customers won't believe me any more when I tell them that German steelware is no good."



THE MODERN SAMSON AGONISTES

THE SEVEN ARTS BY JAMES HYNEMER

Again Oscar Wilde

It is an enormous advertisement nowadays to win a reputation as a martyr—whether to an idea, a vice, or a scolding wife. You have a label by which a careless public is able to identify you. Oscar Wilde was a born advertiser. From the sunflower days to Holloway Goal, and from the goal to the "Virgins of Dieppe," he kept himself in the public eye. Since his death the number of volumes dealing with his glittering personality, quite negligible verse and more or less insincere prose, have been steadily accumulating; why, I'm at a loss to understand. If he was a victim to British "middle-class morality," then have done with it, while regretting the affair. If he was not, all the more reason to maintain a decent silence. But no, the clamor increases, with the result that there are many young people who believe that Oscar was a great man, a great writer, when he was neither. Here is Alfred Douglas in a new book slamming the memory of his old chum in a not particularly edifying manner, though he tells some truths, wholesome and unwholesome. Henley paid an unpleasant tribute to his dead friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, but the note of hatred was absent; evidently literary depreciation was the object. However, there are many to whom the truth will be more welcome than the spectacle of broken friendship. So let the Douglas book for those. Another, and far more welcome one, is that written by Martin Birnbaum, a slender volume of "fragments and memories." Mr. Birnbaum conducts with skill the interests of the Berlin Photographic Company, in whose galleries, on Madison Avenue, he gives during the season some of the most attractive art exhibitions in New York. In addition, he is an expert musician and art connoisseur, and writes entertainingly on several themes. His "Oscar Wilde" is the Oscar of the first visit to New York, and there are lots of anecdotes and facts that are sure to please collectors of Wildiana—or Oscarina—which is it? Pictures, too. I confess that his early portraits flatter the Irish writer. "He looked like an old maid in a boarding-house" said a well-known Philadelphia portrait painter. He was ugly, not a "beautiful Greek god," as his fervent admirers think. His mouth was loose, ill-shaped, his eyes dull and "draggy," his forehead narrow, the cheeks flabby, his teeth protruding and "horsey," his head and face was pear-shaped. He was a big fellow, as was his brother "Willie" Wilde, who lived in New York, but he gave no impression of muscular strength or manliness; on the other hand, he was not a "Sissy," as so many have said. Indeed, to know him was to like him; he was the "real stuff," as the slang goes, and if he had only kept away from a pestilential group of flatterers, spongers, and blood-suckers, his end might have been different.

His Books

I've heard many eloquent talkers in my time, best of them all was Barbey d'Aurevilly, of Paris, after whom Oscar palpably modeled—lace cuffs, clouded cane, and other minor affectations. But when Oscar was in the vein, which was usually once every twenty-four hours, he was inimitable. Edgar Saltus will bear me out in this. For copiousness, sustained wit, and verbal brilliancy the man had few equals. It was amazing, his conversation. I met him when he came here, and once again much later. Possibly that is why I care so little for his verse, a pasticcio of Swinburne, Milton, Tennyson, or for his prose, a dilution of Walter Pater and Flaubert. His "Dorian Grey," apart from the inverted elements, is poor Huysmans—just look at that masterpiece, "A Rebours"; not to mention Poe's tale, "The Oval Portrait"; while "Salome" is Flaubert in operetta form—his gorgeous "Herodias" watered down for popular consumption. It is safe to say the piece—which limps dramatically—would never have been seriously considered if not for the Richard Strauss musical setting; and even then, much of its notoriety was the result of the perfectly astounding knowledge of psychopathic horrors displayed by some New York critics at the time of the first performance. (It is only fair to add that they were after the scalp of Herr Strauss, not poor old Oscar's.) As for the vaunted essay on socialism, I may only call attention to one fact, i.e., it does not deal with socialism at all, but with philosophical anarchism; besides, it is not remarkable in any particular. His "Intentions" is his best, because his most "spoken" prose. The fairy tales are graceful exercises by a versatile writer, with an excellent memory, but if I had children of my own I'd give them the "Alice in Wonderland" books, through which sweeps a bracing air, and not the hot-house atmosphere of Wilde. The plays are fascinating as fireworks, and as remote from human interest. No

doubt I'm in error, yet, after reading Pater, Swinburne, Rossetti, Huysmans, I prefer them to the Wilde imitations, strained as they are through his very gay fancy.

He wasn't an evil-minded man; he posed

a la Byron and Baudelaire; but to hear his jolly laughter was to rout any notion of the morbid or the sinister. He was material, he loved good cookery, old wines and strong tobacco. There's a lot of nonsense written about his "exotic tastes." He had his idiosyncrasy, I don't doubt—had it with him when he visited Philadelphia. The Pennsylvania University

students knew this at the time he lectured in Horticultural Hall; but his were tame tastes in those days, not the "splendid scarlet sins" of the later years. Positively the best book Wilde ever inspired was "The Green Carnation," by Robert Hichens, a book gossip avers set the ball rolling that fetched up behind prison bars. In everyday life he was a charming, companionable, and very human chap, and, as Frederick James Gregg says, dropped more witty epigrams in an hour than Whistler did annually. The best thing Whistler ever said to Wilde was his claiming in advance as his own anything Oscar might utter; and here Whistler was himself borrowing an epigram of Baudelaire, as he borrowed from the same source and amplified the idea that nature is monotonous, nature is a plagiarist from art, and all the rest of such paradoxical chatter and inconsequential humor. Both Whistler and Wilde have been taken too seriously—I mean on this side. Whistler was a great artist. Wilde was not. Whistler discoursed wittily, waspishly, but he wasn't knee-high to a grasshopper when confronted with Wilde. As for the tragic denouement that has been thrashed to death by those who know, suffice to add that William Butler Yeats told me that he called at the Wilde home after the scandal had broken, and saw "Willie" Wilde, who roundly denounced his brother for his truly brave attitude—always attitudes with Oscar. He would not be persuaded to leave London, and perhaps it was the wisest act of his life, though neither the "Ballad of Reading Goal" nor "De Profundis" carry conviction. Need I say that my judgment is personal? I have read in cold type that Pater was a "forerunner" to Wilde; that Wilde is a second Jesus Christ—which latter statement stuns one. (The Whitmaniacs are fond of claiming the same for Walt.) For me, he simply turned into superior "journalism" the ideas of Swinburne, Pater, Flaubert, Huysmans, De Quincey, and others. If his readers would only take the trouble to study the original there might be less talk of his "originality." I say all this without any disparagements of his genuine gifts; he was a born newspaper man. Henry James calls attention to the fact that the so-called aesthetic movement in England never flowered into anything so artistically perfect as the novels of Gabriel d'Annunzio. Which is true; but he could have joined to the name of the Italian poet and playwright that of Aubrey Beardsley, the one "genius" of the "Eighteen-Nineties." Beardsley gave us something distinctly individual. Wilde, a veritable cabotin, did not—nothing but his astounding conversation, and that, alas! is a fast fading memory.



Oscar Wilde in 1880

There are a half dozen new books at my elbow, which must be considered at length, therefore not this week, but soon. It gave me a pleasurable thrill to see the name of Henry James on the back of a fat volume of essays, for Mr. James is eminently the critic. "Notes on Novelists, with some other Notes," is the title (Scribner). The names in the table of contents are appetizing: R. L. Stevenson, Zola, Flaubert, Balzac, George Sand, D'Annunzio, Matilde Serao, Dumas the Younger, Charles Eliot Norton—one of the noblest of Americans—and numerous notes on the new English novelists, Wells, Conrad, Arnold Bennett, and Compton Mackenzie, the author of that delightful story, "Carnival." Mr. James is nothing if not inclusive. I've read, and cut out a half dozen of these essays when they first appeared in magazine garb, and with especial joy the studies of D'Annunzio, Zola, Flaubert, and Signora Serao—whose stories have been translated from the Italian; "Fantasy," by the late Henry Harland. Mr. James's estimates of his contemporaries are luminous—of course, a rich stained-glass luminosity—and sound. He knows that the industrious Mr. Bennett is not an artist, that the busy Mr. Wells may be a prophet, but a master of fiction he is not. (Shaw, Bennett, Chesterton, and Wells, like Wilde, are clever journalists.) "Chance," by Joseph Conrad, is given its due, and praise accorded its polyphonic and sometimes perplexing architecture. But the main thing is that Mr. James envisages

(Continued on page 20)



SCENE: The living room of a modestly furnished bachelor's apartment in a not too fashionable apartment house. As is customary in such buildings, an interior telephone, communicating with the outside world through the medium of the apartment switchboard, is fastened to the wall. And the occupant, rather extravagantly, has had a direct line telephone installed besides, and this instrument rests on a table. At the rear a door opens on a hallway. At the right another door opens into the bedroom. A third door, at the left, leads into a kitchenette, an excessively diminutive room almost entirely filled by the stove, and ventilated only by the opening of the dumbwaiter, which, at intervals, can be heard making noisy trips up and down.

In the main room a large grandfather's clock, not running, as seen by the stationary pendulum, indicates five o'clock. But the bright sunshine, the general quiet of the day, and an occasional sound of church bells in the distance go to show that it is Sunday morning.

There is a pause. The occupant is asleep in his bedroom, and a raucous snore is audible. Then, without warning, the dumbwaiter rope commences to lash the sides of the shaft vigorously and loudly. The snoring ceases, and the tenant, wearing a flowered dressing-gown over a suit of pajamas, enters from the right.

He is thirty-one or two, and by no means a bad looking chap. And he yawns prodigiously and pushes his tousled hair out of his eyes as he crosses the room and enters the kitchenette.

THE TENANT: All right, all right. I heard you. Send up the things. *(The dumbwaiter rattles, and the tenant produces two eggs and a quart of milk; he inspects the eggs carefully, then returns to the shaft.)* Say! You there? A-eh those eggs the biggest you've got? *(A pause.)* I don't believe those eggs were ever near a hen; they're sparrow's eggs, that's what they are. *(He comes out of the kitchenette angrily, and crosses to the rear door, which he opens. Between his door, and the door of his neighbor's apartment is a heap of Sunday newspapers; he selects his own, and in the act of re-entering his room, pauses to listen to his neighbor's movements.)* George! *(He raps on the door.)* Are you up, George? George, what's good for the morning after? *(He listens.)* Oh, you know I never drink, but last night was different. *(He listens again.)* No, no wine. Just whiskey. About five glasses. That was enough; more than enough. You know that I'm not used to it. *(A large collie comes barking down the hallway. He interrupts his conversation to "shoo" the dog into his room.)* Get in there, Buster! What did you say, George? *(He smiles broadly.)* Well, to tell you the truth, I needed my nerve last night. That's why I did it. Eh? Thanks. You're sure that'll fix me up? Yes? Well, I'll try it. Thanks, George. *(He re-enters the room, closes the door, and goes directly to the interior telephone.)*

Hello! Who is this? Robinson? Well, Robinson, go around the corner and get a bottle of ginger-ale—domestic ginger-ale—and two limes. Yes, limes. Send them up on the dumbwaiter. *(He hangs up the receiver, but takes it off again as an afterthought strikes him.)* Say, Robinson, what time is it? Thanks. *(He hangs up, crosses slowly to the clock, and turns the hands to eleven-thirty-five. The clock strikes three; he looks at it in an instant's confusion, then shakes his head, and sinks painfully into a chair. The dog, wagging his tail furiously, rushes*

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT FOR ONE PERSON

By Percival Wilde

(The reader is asked to note that, though there is but a single character, there is neither an aside nor a word of monologue in the entire play.)

to him. The tenant takes the dog's head between his hands, and addresses him seriously.)

Buster, I'm a damn fool. *(The dog wags his tail, but gives no other sign of assent.)* I didn't have the nerve to propose to a girl last night, even though I knew she'd have me. I got as far as her door, and then—then my knees began to shiver, and I thought I'd better have a drink first. So I had the drink, and I came back, but it was just as bad as before—I didn't have the nerve to propose to a lamp-post! Then I had another drink, and it didn't help, and another, and a good many more, until I began to lose count. *(He pauses.)* Well, Buster, you know I'm not used to drinking, and after half an hour of it I had enough nerve to propose to Queen Elizabeth! So I marched right out, head up in the air, and I was going to have it over just like that! But when I tried to find the girl's door again I couldn't! I couldn't find her door, Buster! And it's really not a hard door to find. *(He pauses, and raises his hands to his head with a groan.)* Buster, it's all blank after that—all blank. I might have murdered somebody on the way home—I don't know. I had all the nerve in the world; proposing would have been a cinch, but I couldn't find the girl! I couldn't find the girl! *(The dumbwaiter rope rattles. He goes into the kitchenette, appearing an instant later with the ginger ale, which he pours into a glass, and the limes, which he crushes into it; he drinks it slowly.)*

Awful stuff, Buster! But it's good for Daddy. Here's to her! *(Tosses off the glass, and searches among half a dozen photos which decorate the center table.)* This is her picture, Buster. Buster, this is Miss Edmunds. Grace, this is Buster. *(He shakes the dog's paw gravely.)* Grace Edmunds—Isn't that a pretty name? But Grace Edmunds Hollister is prettier, isn't it? If I ever have the nerve to ask her! *(From a nearby apartment come the strains of the "Toreador Song," atrociously rendered on a broken-winded phonograph; he listens, humming the air, but suddenly breaks off to bring his fist into his palm*

with a resounding slap.) Say, Buster! *(He disappears into the next room, returning almost immediately with an old-fashioned cylindrical phonograph.)* First aid to cowards, Buster! *(He sits at the table, writing hurriedly and with suppressed excitement.)* Buster, how do you spell 'tendency?' With an 'e' or an 'a'? *(He smiles.)* But it doesn't really matter, does it? *(Reads over what he has written, sets the phonograph going, clears his throat impressively, and speaks into it.)* Grace—may I call you Miss Edmunds? No! You know what I mean—Miss Edmunds—may I call you Grace. I am thirty-one years old, high school education, perfectly healthy, except for a tendency to water on the knee, I have a good position, good prospects, no relatives living, can support a wife, belong to the



"Will you marry me?"

Baptist Church, and love you. Will you marry me? Respectfully yours, Ulysses Grant Hollister. *(Stopping the phonograph.)* How's that, Buster? *(He resets the instrument, and starts it going again.)*

THE PHONOGRAPH: A-hem! A-hem!

THE TENANT *(interrupting)*: I never said that!

THE PHONOGRAPH: — may I call you Miss Edmunds? No! You know what I mean—Miss Edmunds—may I call you Grace. I am thirty-one years old, high school education, perfectly healthy, except for a tendency to water on the knee, I have a good position, good prospects, no relatives living, can support a wife, belong to the Baptist Church, and love you. Will you marry me? Respectfully yours, Ulysses Grant Hollister. How's that, Buster?

THE TENANT: Fine! *(Allows the machine to run a few seconds longer. Then, very expressively.)* Thank you, dearest! I knew you would! *(He stops the phonograph, fastens on the wooden top, and goes to the interior telephone.)* Hello, Robinson, I'm sending a phonograph down on the dumbwaiter. What? A phonograph—a talking machine. I want you to take

(Continued on page 23)



"She loves me, she loves me not"



UNCLE EPH'S COTTON

W'y, Howdy, Marse Johnny; is you gone to keepin' sto'?
Waal sah, I is surprised! I neber hearn ob dat befo'.
Say, ain't you gwine to gib me a piece of good tobaccer, please?
I'se long wid you in Georgia, time we all wus refugees.

I know'd you would, I alluz tells de people, white an' black,
Dat you's a raal gen'man, an' dat dere's a libin' fac';
Yass, sah, dat's whut I tells 'em, an' hit's nuthin' else but true,
An' all de cullud people t'inks a moughty heap o' you.

Look heah, sah, don' you want to buy some cotton? Yaas, you do;
Dere's udder parties wants it, but I'd rudder sell to you;
How much? Oh, jes' a bale—dat on de wagon in de street—
Dis heah's de sample—dis is cotton moughty hard to beat!

You'll fin' it on de papers whut de offers is dat's made;
Dey's all de same seditions—ha'f in cash an' ha'f in trade;
Dey's moughty low, sah—come now, can't you 'prove upon de rates
Dat Morrow Brudders offers—only twelve an' seben-eights?

Lawd! Marse Johnny, raise it—don' you know dat I's a frien'
An' when I has de money I is willing fer to spen'?
My custom's wuf a heap, sah, jes' you buy de bale an' see,
Dere didn't neber nobody lose nuffin' offer me.

Now whut's de use ob goin' dere, a-zaminin ob de bale?
When peoples trades wid me dey allus gits a honess' sale;
I ain't no han' fer cheatin'—I believe in actin' fa'r,
An' ebrybody's tell you dat dey alluz foun' me squar'.

I ain't like some niggars—I declar' it is a shame
De way some ob 'em swindles— Whut? de cotton ain't de same
As dis dat's in de sample? Well, I'm blest sah, ef it is!
Dis heah mus' be my brudder's sample—yass sah, dis is his.

Ef dat don' beat creation. Heah I's done been totin' roun'
A sample different frum de cotton! Well—I—will—be—consoun'
Marse Johnny, you must 'scuse me—take de cotton as it stan's,
An' tell me ef you're willin' fer to take hit off my han's?

Sho! Neber min' de auger! 'Taint a bit o' use to bore,
De bale is all de same as dis heah place de baggin's tore;
You oughtn' go to pullin' out de cotton dat a way,
It spiles de beauty ob de— Whut, sah! Rocks in dar, you say?

Rocks in dat dar cotton? How de debil kin dat be?
I packed dat bale myse'f! Hol' on a minit—lemme see—
My stars! I mus' be crazy! Marse Johnny, dis is fine!
I's gone and brung my brudder's cotton in instead o' mine.



THE BURNING ISSUE

THE INITIATIVE

"Miss Sweetie—er—Ethel—er—there is something on my mind that concerns very vitally my future happiness. It is something which I have been on the point of speaking to you about on several occasions, but something for which I have—er—never been able to find just the right words. I'm sure you must have known how I felt—how I feel, in fact. I—I love you, Ethel—Miss Sweetie. T-t-t-that's what I wanted to say to you. Will you marry me?"



THE REFERENDUM

"Oh, Clarence, I—Oh, dear, I never supposed it would be like this! I have always cared—Oh, gracious, I don't know how to say it, either! But—but, Clarence—if—if you want to, you may ask papa."

THE RECALL

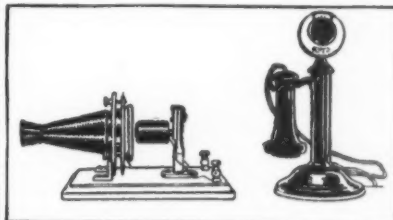
"Why, Clarence, and you really going so soon—the very first night after our engagement? Come back here and kiss me again. Oh, Clarence, you hurt!"

PLENTY OF DEMAND

BLINKS: You're too easy. You'd find some excuse for the Old 'Un tempting Eve with the apple in Eden!
JINKS: Well, he didn't ask her to start a buy-a-barrel movement, anyhow.

How the Public Profits By Telephone Improvements

Here is a big fact in the telephone progress of this country:



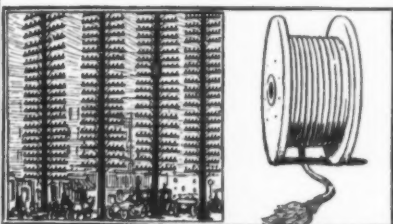
Original
Bell Telephone
1876

Standard
Bell Telephone
To-day



Early
Telephone
Exchange

Typical
Present-day
Exchange



If City Wires
Were Carried
Overhead

800
in Underground
Cable

Hand in hand with inventions and developments which have improved the service many fold have come operating economies that have greatly cut its cost.

To appreciate these betterments and their resulting economies, consider a few examples:

Your present telephone instrument had seventy-two ancestors; it is better and cheaper than any of them.

Time was when a switchboard required a room full of boys to handle the calls of a few hundred subscribers. Today, two or three girls will serve a greater number without confusion and very much more promptly.

A three-inch underground cable now carries as many as eight hundred wires. If strung in the old way, these would require four sets of poles, each with twenty cross arms—a congestion utterly prohibitive in city streets.

These are some of the familiar improvements. They have saved tens of millions of dollars.

But those which have had the most radical effect, resulting in the largest economies and putting the telephone within everyone's reach, are too technical to describe here. And their value can no more be estimated than can the value of the invention of the automobile.

This progress in economy, as well as in service, has given the United States the Bell System with about ten times as many telephones, proportionate to the population, as in all Europe.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy One System Universal Service

HORRIBLE

WILLIS: I thought you and Doctor Bump were enemies and yet I hear you called him in when you were sick.
GILLIS: Yes, and I'm sorry I did. He took a terrible revenge.
WILLIS: Tried to poison you?
GILLIS: Worse. He deliberately assigned to my case a nurse who was married.



Served by men whose hospitality is of national repute—on every occasion that demands a real cocktail.

Because no hand-mixed drink could possibly approach the smoothness, the mellowness and the fragrance of these perfectly blended, aged in the wood cocktails.

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has the flavor, the bouquet, the purity and the sparkle—everything but the foreign label and the duty and ocean freight tacked on.

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16

PUCK

DEZAYAGRAPHS



Drawn in Paris at a personal interview by the famous Caricaturist, Mr. M. DE ZAYAS, especially for PUCK

HENRI BERNSTEIN

Playwright

THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 17)

its admirable characterization. I fancy that the Eastern stories appeal to him less. Every critic, even such a distinguished practitioner in criticism as Henry James, has his "blind side," a side that doesn't react to certain temperaments. Mr. James, years ago, proved this in his very imperfect study of Charles Baudelaire, and later in the way he flouted the "Sentimental Education," by Flaubert. Again he returns to the charge that the reading of this particular novel is as the mastication of sawdust and ashes, notwithstanding the rather sharp overhauling he received in John M. Robertson's "Essays Towards a Critical Method." Now, you can't make a person like a book by argument, yet do I think that Mr. James and Emile Faguet—in his hard, clever, unsympathetic study of Flaubert—have both been unjust to "Sentimental Education," compared with which "Chance" is almost elementary in structure. Unfair also to the versatility of Flaubert, who wrote four masterpieces, none of them alike. But I'll return sometime to a discussion of this little read novel which "Madame Bovary" has quite overshadowed. To them that are interested in super-criticism, this new volume of Mr. James will yield the richest of ore.

ECONOMY BEGINS AT THE OTHER FELLOW'S HOME

A Congressman's popularity depends on the supply of pap to his district. Economy is a fine thing—just over the line in the other fellow's balliwick. If President Wilson succeeds in keeping down federal expenditures, he will have to do it with the consent and co-operation of Congress. If Congress decides to cut federal expenditures, at the request or command of President Wilson, it must do so without regard to the feelings of the "folks back home." These folks have no objection to a saving policy by the administration at large, but, just the same, they would like that new marble post-office which Congressman Blankley as good as promised them, and they see no reason why they shouldn't have it. It's only a little thing, just a few thousands, Uncle Sam would never feel it.

It is easy to save indefinite millions, but hard to cut out definite thousands. At times the pruning knife looks as formidable as an executioner's axe. One of those times is approaching. Economy begins at the other fellow's home.

A word in the head is worth two in the mouth.

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and all who contemplate marriage

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EXTRACT FROM A PRACTICAL SERMON

Right in line with PUCK's suggestion of a "college army" for national defense, a trained reserve upon which the government could count in case of war or other crisis, is a sermon by Dr. S. Edward Young, a Brooklyn clergyman. Dr. Young is one of those who recognizes that preparedness for war is not synonymous with rampant militarism. He said:

"The inability of the United States to guarantee itself against some such unjustifiable attack suggests the wisdom of inaugurating a general military training for all able-bodied young men, the one idea of such training being preparedness in the event of another nation or nations attacking our own."

"We must not be blind to the fact that we are still in a world where a powerful military nation may make war upon an unoffending, less ready people. Our perfect neutrality will not make sure that some other government, which has the army and navy, and wants some of our possessions, will hesitate a minute to seize what it wants, if we continue to be comparatively without military power."

"Our religious devotions to peace need not prevent—will rather render more safe—our training under the best patriotic auspices. The young men should be constantly instructed that no war of ours is ever to be one of aggression or conquest; but only for our national defense or the chivalrous defense of some weak people."

"It is not wicked to be strong enough and skillful enough to knock a man down. What is wicked is to knock him down from lust for fight or gain. The pulpit, the school and the home ought to succeed in rearing the youth with such ideals as will make it no risk for them to have the ability to strike hard blows."

UNANIMOUS

FATHER (sternly): Elizabeth, you know I don't believe in early marriages.

DAUGHTER (sweet eighteen, joyfully): Why, neither do Harold and I, daddy! We've decided on high noon!

YALE'S ARMY

Yale has a graduate body of nearly 25,000 living Yale men, according to a directory of graduates just published. Of this number, how many received any physical benefit from college athletics? On the other hand, if PUCK's plan for the military training of all college students had been in force, not only would the physical average of all Yale graduates be higher, but Yale would make no small contribution of trained men ready at the call of their country.

WHAT IT AMOUNTS TO

LAWYER: So you want to start divorce-proceedings against your husband? On what grounds?

CLIENT: Incompatibility, artistic temperament, and psychic cruelty.

LAWYER: In other words, your husband is not making money enough to suit you?

A HELPFUL HINT

"I am almost in despair about my condition," somberly stated Alexander Akinside, the well-known dyspeptic. "I cannot seem to find anything that will help me. My stomach—" "I doubt there being any help for you, Ellick," interrupted Sanford Merton, a pessimistic person. "But if you would have your stomachic symptoms deleted by a competent censor it would relieve the rest of us mightily."



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VEXATIOUS

MADGE: I can't imagine anything more dismal than a rainy Sunday.

MARJORIE: Yes, dear. It's just awful to have to go to church when you can't wear your best clothes!

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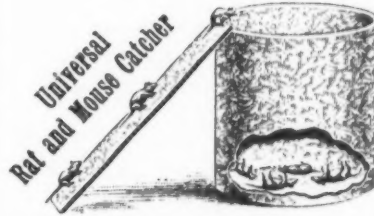
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BOOKS—new fourth edition—"The Hair"—its physiology, anatomy, diseases and treatment—a scientific treatise published by H. Achershaug, M. M. D. (Norway), has made a great sensation. "Its wonderful results have astonished the medical profession."—News. The book, WITH SWORN STATEMENTS and physicians' endorsements, is sent FREE on receipt of 6c. for postage, etc. Address the author, H. P. Achershaug M. M. D., 500—5th Ave., New York.

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DIARY November 12, 1813. "It was mighty stormy last evening—too stormy for Bob and Tom to get to the tavern's fireside. Wasn't too stormy for me though—and I guess good Old Overholt Rye is company enough, anyhow!"

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PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

By P. A. VAILE

THE FLIGHT OF THE BALL

I asked a golfer the other day to tell me in their order the two appurtenances of the game which the vast majority of golfers regard as of primary and secondary importance. He didn't name either of them.

I think that there can be little doubt that they are firstly the golf ball, and secondly the putter.

We have recently dealt so fully with the putter that we may profitably devote a little time to the consideration of the golf ball and its peculiarities.

In what follows I am telling of ascertained things, facts proved by actual and exhaustive experiments—experiments which even the slowest of English manufacturers were not slow to follow, and which I hope will lead to improvement of the golf ball here.

When I first attacked the idea of marking the golf ball by excrescences there was a great outcry against such a revolutionary idea, but Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, the celebrated wild-fowler of Thirkley Park, wrote me and offered to conduct exhaustive experiments if I would send him the balls wherewith to experiment.

This was too good an opportunity to miss, so I took advantage of Sir Ralph's kind offer.

He is the author of a remarkable book, *The Projectile Throwing Engines of the Ancients*, and he has fitted up at his estate several catapults made on the principles used in ancient times. To give some idea of their capacity I may say that one of them will throw a twelve pound stone for a quarter of a mile. It would certainly be inconvenient to intercept this with one's person at the end of its trip.

We are not, however, concerned with the twelve pounder. Sir Ralph has another, a very much more important affair, for it is easily adaptable to the grave function of propelling golf balls.

I may confess at once that, personally, I never should have had the patience to do what Sir Ralph did, for I was perfectly certain of the result; but his experiments were so exhaustive and so valuable that some record of them will, I am sure, prove interesting. The actual results were fully set out by Sir Ralph in two articles which occupied three columns of *The Times*.

Not the least interesting discovery of the experiments was that the centre of gravity of the modern golf ball is nearly always untrue. This is not merely a theoretical question. It is in many balls so very bad that, particularly in short putts on a keen green, there is introduced an element of risk against which the golfer has no right to contend.

I believe that the defective centre of gravity is a worse defect on the green than in the air, although, naturally, it is not any advantage even aloft.

I am inclined to think that the peculiar double swerve that every golfer knows, that curve in which the ball swings out but always regains its original line, is caused by defective centre of gravity; but this is merely conjecture. It is one of those phenomena which I am quite unable to explain except on this hypothesis: Double swerve on a spinning ball can, of course, be easily explained, but if this swerve were due to rotation it would not be so uniformly regular in its manifestation.

If anyone thinks that this question of defective centre of gravity is not of practical importance, particularly in delicate strokes, let him dig a hole in a ball and insert a small leaden shot, then close the hole with wax and try the ball on the green. He will require no further exemplification.

This, however, is a minor handicap. The golfer has a greater grievance against the golf ball makers than this. They will insist on marking the modern ball too heavily.

When I started my crusade against the insane marking of the golf ball by huge pimples, I showed that the principle was wrong, for it prevented the golfer getting full value for his work in flight, run, or pure roll on the green.

They tried to ridicule me. That was to be expected. The whole trade was interviewed. They were unanimously of opinion that I was suffering from hallucinations. I said that I would knock the pimples off the golf ball. This was partly swank and partly dead earnest. Well, the thing ran on for months, and now the pimple is not exactly where it was; but, and this is where I want the ear of the live ball-makers of America: "You have gone too far on the lines I laid down; you are doing something nearly as bad as the old pimple or bramble-marking. You are making your indentations much too heavy, and you are making them haphazard and without any scientific consideration. Now, if you challenge me on that, I shall produce a ball that will fly better and roll better than your best. This is not swank. Puck and I can do it. Let me tell you that the original Vaile ball was the first rubber-core that was marked by indentation."

"If it was so good why haven't you heard more of it?"

"Just like your impertinence, sir; but that's another and a longer story, and if you have \$25,000 or \$30,000 that you want to add to, possibly I might be interested enough to tell you the reason."

Anyway, by means of it I demonstrated practically what I am saying now, and Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey finally settled the question in all its various aspects.

An interesting experiment as to the centre of gravity may be made by putting the ball in water and letting it come to rest, then marking the spot floating uppermost, and throwing the ball in again. If the defect is pronounced, as it generally is, the same spot will reappear, and the speed with which it does so will give some idea of the extent of the error. It will be necessary to add salt to the water to float some of the balls.

Sir Ralph made one most interesting discovery. He ascertained that the balls with defective centre of gravity not only were affected more by a cross wind while in the air—that is, drifted more from the line to the hole—but that they also ran at a more acute angle in the same direction after contact with the ground.

Sir Ralph found that in a cross-wind the most roughly-marked ball was, in a one-hundred-and-thirty-yard carry, twelve yards off the line. This ball was also defective as to centre of gravity. It will readily be seen that with the wind getting too great a hold on the ball, together with a defective centre and an exaggerated run off the line, the golfer has something to consider when he plays with bad balls.

One of the balls I sent Sir Ralph was very nearly smooth. It was so smooth that I named it *The Ruff*, just to distinguish it in the experiments. The marking was so slight that the paint filled up the interstices almost entirely. This made it too smooth. George Duncan and I tried it out and it flew like a butterfly. It was a most peculiar illustration of the uselessness of the smooth ball, but it was most helpful in giving us our line for future developments.

Let us see what Sir Ralph did with it. Writing to me of his trials the indefatigable experimenter said: "... and as I could not drive it further than about eighty yards with a golf club, I engaged the well-known professional, Edward Ray, to play a round of the green at Ganton. As Ray is an exceptionally long and accurate player with driver and cleek, I felt the ball would have a fair chance of going, if it could go. From the first tee the ball did not carry a hundred yards, though, to all appearances, struck clean and hard. I thought that for once in a way Ray had missed his drive, but, as the same thing occurred from every tee and through the green for the next six holes, there was no disputing that a smooth ball was quite useless for golf.

"I then proceeded to nick the ball slightly with the point of a knife, spacing the small raised nicks about one-third of an inch apart, the ball being still a very smooth one in comparison to any of the usual kinds. After this slight alteration the ball flew splendidly, whether off wood or iron clubs, neither too high nor too low, but quite straight, and with the very slight rise towards the end of its carry that is the essence of perfect flight in a

golf ball, some of the carries when measured from the tee being well over two hundred yards."

With Sir Ralph as observer, and Edward Ray as player, we may be assured that we got as good and accurate results as, humanly speaking, it is possible to have. By the time Sir Ralph's letter reached me I had produced the Vaile ball, which quite confirmed Sir Ralph's report.

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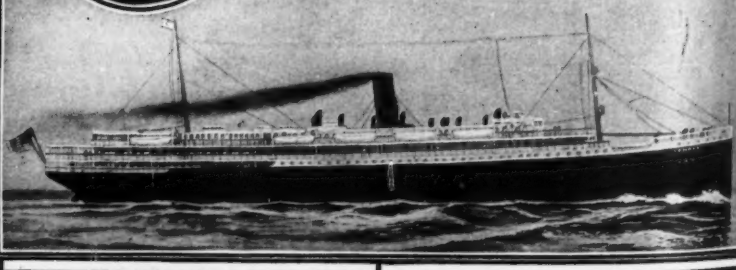
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The Previous Engagement

(Continued from page 18)

it right around to Miss Edmunds—two doors away. Yes, of course, you know where she lives; I've sent you there before. Give it to Miss Edmunds herself—nobody else; and tell her to play the record right away. Yes, the moment she gets it. What? Does she like music? (Smiling happily.) Well, she'll like this selection! I'm sending down half a dollar for you, Robinson, keep it. (He hangs up, waltzes gaily across the room with the phonograph, and deposits it on the dumbwaiter.) Don't drop it, Robinson. (He re-enters, sits, and takes the dog between his knees.)

Were you ever in love, Buster? Well, try it! It's great! (He pauses.) Now Robinson's reached her door. (Another pause.) Now she's got it. (A third pause.) She's playing it! Will she say "Yes"? (Leans over and picks fleas from the dog's pelt.) She loves me; she loves me not; she loves me; she loves me not; she loves me—this is too slow, Buster. (He picks up the photograph.) Allow me to introduce the future Mrs. Hollister! (He waits at the telephone; glances impatiently at the clock. The dog watches him with interest.) Getting impatient, boy? Well, so am I! Now, all together! One! Two! Three! (The interior telephone rings sharply.) Ah! (He takes down the receiver.)

Hello! Robinson not back yet? No! Well, what do you want? (He turns to the dog.) A lady to talk to me. Who is it? Eh? I expect it? Oh, put her on. (He does a war-dance at the receiver.) Hello! Yes, right here, dearest. Dearest! What? You were surprised? Well, I don't wonder! You must have thought I was crazy? Ha! Ha! You did? (In immense surprise.) What? What? You—you thought I had been drinking? How could you tell? Oh, of course, I remember, but tell me about it again. Yes, I like to hear it. Eh? I dashed into your house last night—yes, I heard you. I asked you to marry me. I kissed you twice. Certainly, I wouldn't forget that! And then? I gave you a ring, and rushed out again? Well, I'm jiggered! (He turns again to the dog.) Buster, I've been engaged for twelve hours, and didn't know it! Yes, dearest? Oh, I can't tell you how much! More than that! Oh, much more than that! Why, I love you more than— (The second telephone rings.) I love you more than— (And keeps on ringing.) Just hold the wire a minute. (He takes up the second telephone.)

Hello! What? Who is this? (Thunderstruck.) Grace? But it can't be Grace! (With sudden coolness.) All right, I won't call you by your first name if you don't want me to— Yes, I sent it. You were never so humiliated in your life? What do you mean? Well, I never knew you'd have a dozen people there. (Indignantly.) I thought you'd have sense enough— (Interrupting.) I'm not impertinent. But look here, Grace— Yes, Miss Edmunds— I'm listening; yes, listening— What? To me? Well, are you listening? (Very angry.) I don't care if you're not listening! I

wouldn't have you for a gift! Not for nothing at all! Hello! Hello! (He clicks the lever up and down. It is evident that the lady has hung up.) Agh! (He looks at the other telephone, and a smile gradually replaces the frown on his face; he takes up the collection of photographs on the table, and throws one of them into the wastebasket; he examines the others carefully, shuffles them, is unable to decide anything. Then, resolutely, he goes to the waiting telephone.)

Hello! Yes, dearest. Only a business call. No, not important, but it's a nuisance, isn't it? (He listens.) Oh, I can't begin to tell you. I love everything about you! Your eyes! Your lips! Your hair! (With trepidation.) Even your name! Yes, I love it! (Violently agitated.) Let me hear

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you say it yourself! Yes. What? Oh, it's a whim of mine, but I love to hear you say it! Yes? E-T-H-E-L! (His eyes light up, and he lets all of the photographs save one drop to the floor. He is still talking rapturously as THE CURTAIN FALLS.)

"The Turkish customs receipts for August were only \$40,000, against \$350,000 last year during the same period."

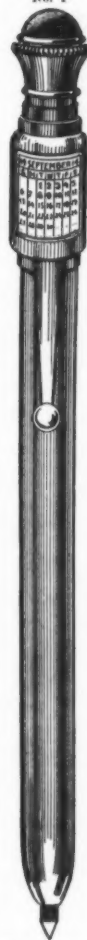
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